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THE AMERICAN NORMAL READERS

SECOND BOOK

HARVEY



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THE AMERICAN NORMAL READERS

PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION AND WITH THE
APPROVAL OF A SUPERVISOR OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

BY
MAY LOUISE HARVEY

SECOND BOOK



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Archdiocese of New York
VICAR-GENERAL'S OFFICE

New York, December 9, 1909.

Dear Miss Harvey:

I submitted the American Normal Readers (three books) compiled by you and published by Silver, Burdett & Company, to the Rev. Remy Lafort, the official censor of books of this diocese. He reports that he finds nothing objectionable in them; on the contrary, he considers them deserving of the favorable opinions expressed about them by others. In this opinion I concur with great pleasure.

Yours sincerely,
JOSEPH F. MOONEY, V.-G.

PREFACE

**"The clay is moist and soft ; now, now make haste
And form the vessel, for the wheel turns fast."**

There are many definitions of what we call education, many different aspects of this great subject, all true in themselves. But when we say that education means leading a child into his highest possible relation to Nature, to God and to his fellows, does it not include everything—all we are and all we hope to be? The suggestions and possibilities are absolutely limitless. It is not a question of reaching the goal, but of moving steadily toward it. "The sailor who is guided by a star brings his ship into port."

The three stages of education of the individual and of the race are : rules, habits, principles. Authority is to be obeyed simply because it is rightful ; habits are acquired by imitation and by repetition ; true reverence instills the desire to choose and to follow the good wherever it is recognized. The child must learn that he is under law ; the ideals for imitation, whether in fact or in fancy, must always be of the best ; and he must never forget that in God he lives, moves and is.

In the First Book of this series all these truths are presented only in their natural and symbolic forms. In the Second Book, the child's mental and spiritual vision is extended by interesting him in other lands and in other times, by opening treasures of literature and of art in different forms, and by presenting types of character worthy of imitation. Whatever the form or subject of the lesson, the child's love of action and his love of the ideal, the poetic, the spiritual are never forgotten. There is a constant effort to stimulate observation of nature and of human activities, and by appealing to his imagination to store the mind with true and beautiful associations.

Little can here be said of the material in detail. It is hoped that teachers will be pleased with its simplicity, its careful grading, with the wide range of subjects closely correlated, and with the artistic value of the illustrations. For the convenience of those who wish to use phonics in their work, a list of words easily taught by sound has been prepared (p. 166). This list contains only the words which involve the new phonograms in this book.

Pupils should first review thoroughly the 350 sight words of the First Book, also the 68 phonograms, which they will continue to use in gaining new words. They should go over in review the list of phonic words in the First Book, p. 142, for the blend, giving the sounds from the board and pronouncing the words.

Introduce the new phonograms of this book (p. 166), one by one, continuing the drill on all; then combine them in words taken from the list (see p. 166).

Besides the daily drill on phonograms and the blend, there should always be a specific preparation for each reading lesson. Make a complete list of words in the lesson which contain phonograms new and old. After the blend drill upon these, leave the list on the board so that each pupil may refer to it in his private study of the lesson.

The Manual of the Rational Method in Reading is very suggestive and helpful in carrying on this phase of reading work. The lists of phonetic words in this Manual give abundant practice in the blend; they also give a wide vocabulary and aid greatly in securing a correct intonation. The corresponding readers of the Rational Method may also be used to advantage in connection with the present series.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the John Lane Company for permission to use the poem "The Wonderful World," and to *The Independent* for "Who Loves the Tree Best?"

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THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Ploekhorst.

SECOND BOOK

Dear Angel ! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in Heaven to guide
A little child like me !

Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near.
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too ;
Thy prayer is all for me.
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

REV. F. W. FABER.

ALL HAVE WORK TO DO

Little Mary Brown does not like to study. She does not like work of any kind. She does not like to go to school.

"We have to do the same things over and over," she says. "Sister Agnes wants us to do work over and over. I do not like it."

I am sorry to tell you that one day Mary was very naughty. She ran away from school. She thought a walk would be pleasant.

It was a beautiful morning in September. The bright sun was shining. "There you are, dear old sun," said Mary.

"Yes," said the sun, "here I am. I come peeping over the hill every morning. I bring you life and light and many other blessings. I do this for you every day."

Mary went down to the old apple tree. "Oh, the pippins are nearly ripe," she said; "I am so glad!"



"Yes," said the apple tree, "again and again I bring you these good apples. Year after year they ripen for you."

Mary saw a little bee flying past. "Stop, little bee; come and play with me."

"I cannot stop, little girl; I must gather honey while I can. By-and-by it will be winter. I cannot work then."

"Do you not wish you had all the honey that is in the other hives?" asked Mary.

"Oh no, that honey belongs to the other bees. It does not belong to me. I want to earn my own honey. I should not be happy if I were not working. Hum-hum-hum."



As Mary went on, she saw a little



squirrel running along the wall. "Stop, little squirrel; I want to play with you. I like to see you leap and run."

"No, no, I must not stop; I must gather nuts for the winter."

Mary soon came to a brook, dancing and leaping, running as fast as it could.

"Stop, little brook; stop and play with me."

"No, no, I must not stop. I must go and turn the mill-wheel. That is my work. Your father has just come to the mill. He has corn to grind. I must get there as fast as I can."

Then Mary sat down and began to think. "What a careless, idle girl I am!" she thought. "Everything has work to do. I will not be idle any longer. I will run to school as fast as I can."

Mary had learned a good lesson. She is now a very busy and very happy little girl. She never frets when Sister Agnes says, "Children, you must do this over and over. Try to do it a little better each time."

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER



Grasshopper Green is a merry, careless fellow. Out in the meadow he loves to go, playing away in the sun. High and low he hops and skips, dancing and singing all day long. "Summer is the time for fun," I think I can hear him saying.

One fine day, Grasshopper saw an ant at work near a blade of grass. The ants, you know, are a very busy people, and very wise too. They build snug warm little houses and then fill them with food for winter.

When Grasshopper Green saw the ant, he said, "Oh! ho! so you are there working, are you? Why do you work like that?"

"Winter is coming," said the ant.

"Who cares for winter? It is summer now," said Grasshopper Green. "Summer is the time for fun."

Then away he skipped, dancing and hopping high and low, playing all day in the meadow. Careless, foolish Grasshopper Green!

But winter came; the days grew cold. Grasshopper Green had nothing to eat. He was hungry. "Alas!" he sighed, "if I had worked like the ant, I should have had all I needed. I wish I had not been careless and idle all summer long."

THE DOG AND HIS IMAGE

One day a dog found a piece of meat. He did not want to eat it just then, for he was not hungry. He thought he would hide it in the garden. He could eat it some other time, if he should care for it.

As he crossed a bridge with the meat in his



mouth, he looked down into the water. He thought he saw another dog with a piece of meat.

What was it that he really did see in the water? Can you tell?

The real dog on the bridge was a selfish dog. He was selfish and—greedy. He didn't want the other dog to have a bone. He wanted everything himself. I would not be so selfish as that, would you? I would let the other dog have a bone too.

But he was selfish and greedy. So he tried to snatch the other piece. His own meat went splash into the water. In trying to get another's meat, he lost his own.

A LITTLE BOY'S DREAM

John's uncle had just given him a large box of building blocks. The little boy had been busy with them all the morning. He had made houses, churches, and stores of the blocks.

At last he was tired and lay back in a big chair to look at his city. He thought he heard a voice from the table, saying, "Shall I tell you a story?" John always likes a story, so he lay back in his chair to listen.

"Once upon a time," the voice began, "I was a little pine seed high up in a pine tree. I lay in a little hard shell, and with many other seeds I slept in a cradle.

"This cradle was called a pine cone. It was very pleasant to swing in the cradle high up in the top of the pine tree.

"One day there was a strong west wind, and down our cradle fell to the ground. As we fell, we all

slipped out of the cradle into the soft warm earth.

“Then there came a warm gentle rain. Some of the raindrops fell right on me and pushed me gently into the earth.

“Soon I began to peep up and to look about me. I found myself very near my dear old pine tree. I began to grow, and grew taller and taller.

“When I was sixteen years old, I was as tall as my friends the elm and the maple. I had long branches and a great many cones just like the old pine tree.

“One day some men came into the woods. They saw at once that I was very tall and straight, and they began to chop into my side. Well, I did not mind it much. I knew it would all come out right at last.

“Very soon I began to lean over a little. ‘Stand back,’ I said, ‘so that I shall not hurt you,’ and then I fell to the ground. As the men looked at me they said, ‘What a fine pine log that is!’

“Then the woodmen began to saw the log into

blocks, and to pile them up. There was a large pile of pine lumber. Next they sawed these blocks into thin boards, which were very long and straight.

"A carpenter then made the boards smooth. He did this with a plane. He could now use the boards in making many beautiful and useful things.

"Many useful and beautiful things are made of wood. Can you tell me something which is made of wood ?

"The carpenter made this table for you. Some of the wood was used in making these blocks and cubes for you.

"I am glad I was so good a tree. I am very glad to be of use in the world. I hope you will enjoy using your blocks. I hope I shall stay with you a long time."



WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!

Will you listen to me?

Who stole four eggs I laid

And the nice nest I made?"



"Not I," said the cow. "Moo-oo!

Such a thing I'd never do.

I gave you a wisp of hay,

But didn't take your nest away.

Not I," said the cow. "Moo-oo!

Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!

Will you listen to me?

Who stole four eggs I laid

And the nice nest I made?

Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!

Now, what do you think?

Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"



"Not I," said the dog. "Bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean anyhow!
I gave hairs the nest to make;
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog. "Bow-wow!
I'm not so mean, anyhow!"

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid
And the nice nest I made?
Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo!
Let me speak a word too.

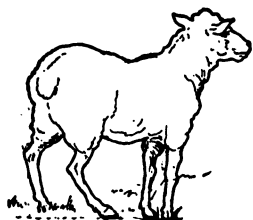
Who stole that pretty nest
From little Yellow-breast ? ”

“ Not I,” said the sheep. “ Oh, no!

I wouldn’t treat a poor bird so.

I gave the wool the nest to line :

But the nest was none of mine.



Baa ! baa ! ” said the sheep. “ Oh, no !

I wouldn’t treat a poor bird so ! ”

“ To-whit ! to-whit ! to-whee !

Will you listen to me ?

Who stole four eggs I laid

And the nice nest I made ?

Bob-o-link ! Bob-o-link !

Now what do you think ?

Who stole a nest away

From the plum tree to-day ? ”

“ Coo-coo ! coo-coo ! coo-coo !

Let me speak a word too !

Who stole that pretty nest

From little Yellow-breast ? ”



“Caw ! caw !” cried the crow.
“I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird’s nest to-day.”

“Cluck ! cluck !” said the hen.

“Don’t ask me again !

Why, I haven’t a chick

Would do such a trick.

We all gave her a feather,

And she wove them together.

I’d scorn to intrude

On her, and her brood.

Cluck ! cluck !” said the hen.

“Don’t ask me again !”



“Chirr-a-whirr ! chirr-a-whirr !”

All the birds make a stir.

“Let us find out his name,

And all cry, ‘For shame !’”

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green.
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It's very cruel too,"
Said little Alice Neal.
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel."

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind a shed;
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little Yellow-breast.
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.



THE USEFUL MAPLE

Should you like another story about a tree? I like trees very much, don't you? Do you know the kinds of trees near your home?

Do you know a pine tree? How does it look? Do you know a maple tree? How does that look?

This story is about a maple tree. It grew in the woods beside a little brook, very near a tall pine tree.

It was a pleasant place. The birds sang all day long. The brook was very cheerful and the pine tree friendly.

Some little squirrels ran to and fro gathering nuts for the winter. They had their nests in the pine tree.

These squirrels wanted nuts from the beech tree on the other side of the brook, but they could not cross. The brook was too wide and deep, and there was no bridge. The poor little squirrels had to go a long way for their nuts.

One day loud voices were heard in the woods. Many trees were cut down and taken away, our dear friendly pine tree among them. They did not know why this was done, but the birds told all about it.

It seemed that this same little brook would soon reach a river, wide and deep. On each side of the river there was a large city.

The people in one city often wished to go to the other city, but they could not cross the river. It was very wide and deep.

So the people said, "We must have a bridge." The carpenters began the work and soon there was a good strong bridge. People could go from one city to the other whenever they chose.

The maple tree, far away in the forest, heard all about it from the birds. "I wish I could have gone," it said. "I wish I could do something useful."

Then it began to think and think and it made a little plan. It told the brook about this plan,

and the brook was so pleased that it laughed right out loud.

The little maple began to grow as fast as it could. The next year it was really a big tree. Its branches were long enough to reach the beech tree on the other side of the brook.

The squirrels could now run across on the branches every day. Now they could get the nuts from the beech tree, and they were very happy.

So you see the little maple became a bridge after all. It was a very happy tree in being so useful.

ST. CHRISTOPHER

A long time ago there lived a very good man whose name was Offero. He lived by the side of a river.

There was no bridge over the river and Offero used to carry people across in his arms. He was a



ST. CHRISTOPHER.

Titian.

very large, strong man, a real giant, and so no one was afraid to go with him.

One cold rainy night, as Offero lay asleep, he heard a voice calling him. He thought it was a dream, but again the little voice came, calling, "Offero, come carry me."

So Offero took his lantern and went down to the river. There on the bank he found a little child, crying and sobbing. The child begged to go across the river. "Come, Offero, carry me across," he said.

"No, dear child," said Offero. "We cannot cross on a night like this."

The rain was coming down in sheets, the wind blew hard and the water was white with foam. It was a wild and stormy night.

But again the child begged to go. Then Offero thought, "I will do it for the Lord whom I serve."

So he took the child up in his arms and went down into the water. He swam with all his might, but he was soon very tired.

He grew weaker and weaker, and he thought he should never reach the shore. Poor Offero! he was very tired. How could he keep on against the rain and the wind?

But at last he did reach the bank, and now he could rest. He put the child down upon the ground, and turned to look at him. A bright light shone all around. Lo! it was our Lord who stood there.

Our Lord said, "You did this for me. O Offero, I am the Lord whom you serve. Jesus Christ, your King."

Always after this Offero was called Christopher, which means Christ bearer.

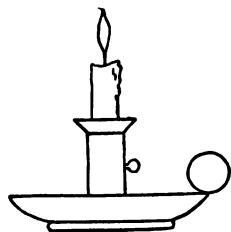
This is the beautiful story of St. Christopher.



"All whatsoever you do in word or in work, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

GOD MAKE MY LIFE A LITTLE LIGHT

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A tiny flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.



God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all.
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.



God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest;
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbors best.

M. B. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

THE GRATEFUL TREES .

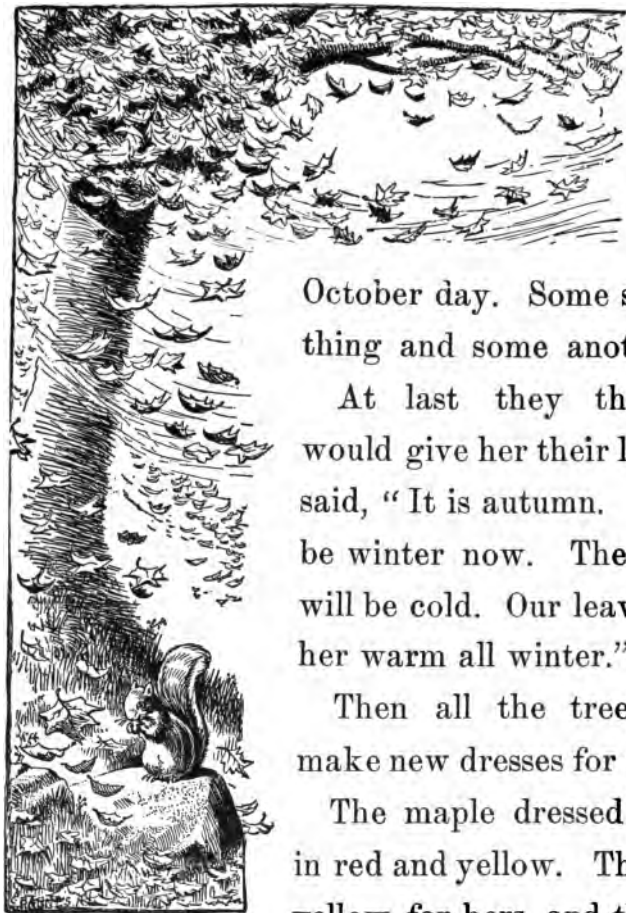
All summer long the earth had been very kind to the trees. She gave them food for the leaves, for the blossoms and for the fruit.

The little roots under the ground reached out here and there to get food and water for the trees. The dear old earth kept the roots warm and moist.

Then, too, the earth held the big roots firm so that the trees could not fall over. The big roots were just as strong and large as the branches, and the trees were held firm. The hard winds could not blow them over.

All the trees knew this very well. They knew what the earth had done for them, and they wished to thank her.

“What can we do for her?” they asked one another in a whisper. “What shall we do to show how much we love her?”



The trees
were all
whispering
about it,
that fine

October day. Some spoke of one
thing and some another.

At last they thought they
would give her their leaves. They
said, "It is autumn. It will soon
be winter now. The dear earth
will be cold. Our leaves will keep
her warm all winter."

Then all the trees began to
make new dresses for their leaves.

The maple dressed her leaves
in red and yellow. The elm chose
yellow for hers, and the oak tree

chose red and brown.

Soon all the dresses were finished, and the little

leaves were very gay. They were all very happy to do something for the dear old earth.

They danced and played until the wind was ready to take them. Then they all said, "Good-by," and went down to the earth to help her keep warm.

How glad the good old earth was to see the little leaves! She was very glad to have them stay with her all winter. She was glad to know how much the trees loved her. The trees had done a good deed, and they were happy, too.



A deed of kindness blesses him who gives and him who takes.

THE SHEEP

You remember that story about the bird's nest, which we read. You know the sheep said, "Baa-baa, I gave the wool the nest to line, but the nest was none of mine."



A SHEPHERDESS WITH HER FLOCK.

Henry Le Rolle.

You remember we thought the sheep was very kind to give wool for the little bird's nest.

Do you know what sheep do for us? They give us wool for our winter jackets and dresses. Yes, we get wool from sheep. I will tell you about it.

A thick coat of wool grows upon sheep to keep them warm. In summer they do not need their warm coats and they give the wool to us.

But the sheep have worn their coats all winter, and the wool is stained and soiled. We should like to have it very clean and white, so the farmers wash it for us.

They take the sheep down to the brook and give their coats a good washing. Then they cut off the wool with their long shears.

The sheep are glad to scamper away to the pasture. There they can eat the good grass and nibble the daisies all summer. They drink the cool water from the brook, and they lie in the shade of the trees. All the sheep and the little lambs like the pasture.

The farmer has a soft white fleece of wool from each of his sheep. He sends all the wool to the mills, where it is made into cloth.

Many years ago all this work was done at home. The mother at home knew well how to spin the wool into yarn. You could have heard a spinning-wheel in every house.

You could have seen a loom too, where the mother sat weaving. She wove the yarn into cloth. But now all the spinning and weaving are done in mills.

Are you not glad that the sheep gives the soft wool to keep us warm?

God gave us sheep for our use. We will be kind to them and will thank God for them.



Name five things which are made of wool.

Name three things which are made of cotton.

What is cotton? Where does it grow?

Do you know where silk comes from? If you ask your teacher, she will be glad to tell you all about it.



SLEEP, DEAR CHILD !

Hohenberg.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

Sleep, baby, sleep !
Thy father watches his sheep ;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !
The large stars are the sheep ;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the gentle moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep !
Our Saviour loves His sheep ;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

FROM THE GERMAN. TRANSLATED BY ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

A WONDERFUL SPINNER

You have just learned about wool, which is used for making cloth. The wool is spun into yarn, and the yarn is woven into cloth.

I will tell you about a very wonderful spinner. He does not use a spinning wheel, yet he spins a fine thread. He does not use a loom, but he is a weaver. He weaves the fine thread in and out, and makes beautiful lace.

We call this lace a web. Have you ever seen this fine, beautiful web? Who is the wonderful spinner? It is Mr. Spider. Do you wonder why he spins such a web? I will tell you.

Spiders must have something to eat. They eat many little bugs and flies which sometimes do harm to plants. So you see spiders are a help to us.

A spider has no wings. He cannot fly away in search of food. He makes a net in which to catch something to eat.

The other day I watched a little spider making his web. It was a pleasant morning. Spiders do not spin a web if it is going to rain.

This one ran along the window-sill, spinning as he ran. He made the thread fast to the window and then ran back, spinning as he ran.

Then he spun short lines across from one long line to the other. Then he spun lines from the center like the spokes of a wheel. Round and round each spoke he went, and made the lines fast. This was now a very strong net.

When the web was done, the spider sat down to wait. He hoped he should soon hear his door bell ring.

Very soon he feels a tingle, tingle. That is his door bell.

Mr. Spider hurries to the door. It is Mr. Wasp, but he does not care to come in. When he sees Mr. Spider, he hurries away as fast as he can. In his hurry he tears down a part of the web, so Mr. Spider has to mend it. Then he sits down again to wait.

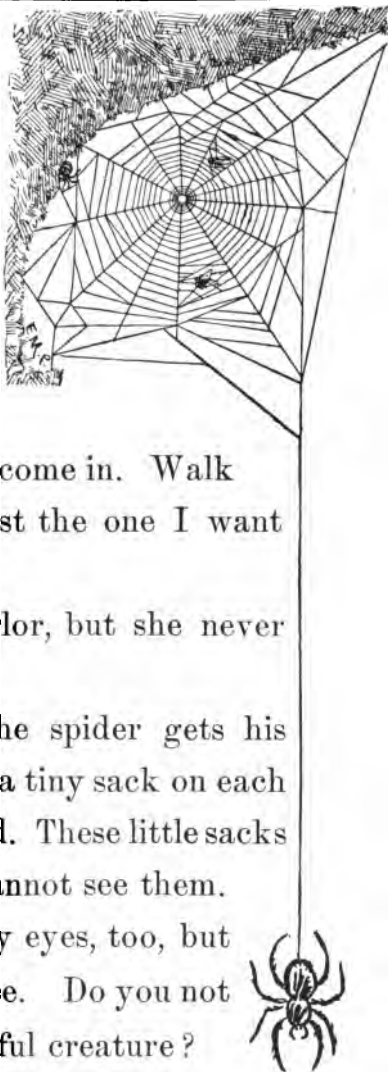
Very soon the spider feels the web shake, tingle, tingle, ting a ling ling. Mr. Spider looks out. It is Mrs. Fly. Mr. Spider hurries to the door as fast as he can.

“Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Fly? You are just the one I want to see. Come in, come in. Walk into my parlor. You are just the one I want to see.”

Mrs. Fly goes into the parlor, but she never comes out again.

Where do you suppose the spider gets his thread for spinning? He has a tiny sack on each side in which he carries thread. These little sacks are so very small that you cannot see them.

A spider has a great many eyes, too, but they are too small for us to see. Do you not think the spider is a wonderful creature?



THE MILKMAID

When I was a little girl, I read a story which I think you would like.

This story was about a milkmaid who was carrying a pail of milk upon her head. She was going to market one fine spring morning to sell the milk in her pail.

As she went along, she thought and thought about it. "With the money which I get I will buy some eggs," she said to herself. "I can buy fifteen eggs.

"Our old red hen shall sit upon these eggs until the chickens are hatched. I shall have fifteen fine little chickens. They will grow fast. Soon they will be large enough to sell. I will sell them at the market.

"There will be money enough to buy a fine new dress. Let me see, what color shall it be? I think green is a beautiful color. Green suits my face best.

Yes, green it shall be. I will wear my new green dress to the fair. How fine I shall look!"

At this thought the maid gave her head a toss. Over went the milk pail. Down went the milk. It was all spilled upon the ground. Now where were the eggs, the chickens, the money and the dress?

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"Do not count your chickens before they are hatched."

### THE LARK AND THE PEACOCK

One day a peacock was walking about the farm-yard. He thought he was a very handsome bird.

"See my fine feathers," he seemed to say. "I am dressed like a king, in green, and gold, and purple. I have all the colors of the rainbow in my coat."

"Oh! what fine clothes I have! What a beautiful bird I am! I like to look at myself, and I know every one likes to look at me."

A little lark heard the peacock talking. "How beautiful he is!" thought the lark. "I wish I could be as beautiful as he. I wish I could have gay, beautiful clothes like his. My coat is just an old brown suit, as plain as it can be."

Then the lark looked up. The sun was bright, the sky was clear and blue. The lark loved the sun and the sky. He could not be unhappy long.

He forgot all about the fine clothes. Away he flew to the sky, singing as he went. His song was so beautiful that every one stopped to listen.

"Oh, what a beautiful bird!" said each one who heard him. "The lark is a king among birds. He is almost at the gate of heaven, singing a heavenly song."

But the peacock was still walking about, thinking of his clothes.

~~~~~  
"Fine feathers do not make fine birds."

TWO LITTLE GRAINS OF WHEAT

There were once two little grains of wheat side by side in a sack. It was quite dark in the sack, and there was nothing to do but to sit still and to think.

At last one of the grains grew restless and impatient. "What is the use of staying here so long?" it asked.

"I think something is going to happen," said the other. "I heard a strange thing to-day. You know those two little boys from the city who play in the barn so much. Well, they were here to-day. Their mother came to bring them some bread, and butter, and cake. Then they began to ask questions.

" 'What is cake made of?' they asked.

" 'Flour, sugar, butter and eggs.'

" 'What is flour made of?'

" 'Wheat,' she answered. Now that is very strange. I think it is best to keep as still as we can and to hear all that is going on."



Just then the little grains were much surprised. They were turned heels over head into a basket. Farmer Brown took the basket into the field and began to scatter the grain all around. He threw handful after handful as far as he could.

The two little grains fell side by side. They were good friends and companions and were very glad to be near each other.

Before the day was over, they were both covered up with soft brown earth, snug and warm. The rain wet them through and through, but they were not cold, for the sun kept the earth warm.

Their little covers began to seem too tight and at last they really did crack open. This was a great surprise to the little grains, and no wonder.

"Come," said one little shoot. "I am going up to look about me. I think I should like some fresh air."

“Wait, I will go too,” said the other, but the first would not wait. Up it pushed and peeped over the top of the ground. “I am really a blade of wheat,” it said. “I remember now that this same thing happened to my father or to my grandfather. Come on faster; I am going up higher.”

Then away it went so fast that the other could hardly keep up. “Oh, what fun this is! How happy we are!” they said.

There was only one thing that troubled them. In the early morning when the dew was on the ground there were a great many bugs and worms.

They came up out of the ground to get the dew to drink. They would often bite the blades of wheat, which was really very unpleasant. You can hardly wonder that the wheat did not like it.



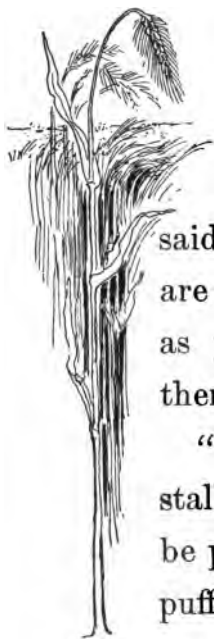
But the birds were up early too and came to catch the worms. "It is the early bird that catches the worm," they said. This helped the wheat very much.

As time went on, each blade grew into a stalk with other long blades. At last at the top of the stalk there were a great many little grains, closely fitted together, wearing tight little covers. They

nodded gaily to one another and to the passers-by. How gay and happy they were, dancing in the bright sunlight!

"We are now ears, or heads of wheat," said the one that knew all about it. "We are green now, but by and by we shall be as yellow as gold." "What will happen then?" asked the other.

"The reapers will come and cut our stalks, and bind us together. Then we shall be put into a great machine that goes puff-puff, rattle, rattle, all the time. This will thresh out all the grains from the straw."



Sure enough it all happened just as the wise little grain had said. It was a lively time for the little grains, I can tell you, and they liked it very much. They liked to have a good deal going on. "Why," they said, "now we are just as we were at first, only there are so many of us, fifty at least."

Then they were put into sacks again and this time they went on a journey. They were taken to the mill, and there they had another lively time. They were put into a hopper, where they danced gaily around and around for awhile.



When at last they came out, sliding into the sacks, they were just the whitest, finest flour you ever saw. The farmer's wife was very much pleased when she saw it. "This will make good cake," she said; "I will use some of it to-day."

Those two little boys stood beside her and heard every word. They would hear the word "cake" quickly enough, you may be sure.

When the cake was baked, each boy had a piece of it, and that was the end of the two little grains of wheat.



THE SONG OF THE BROOK

What was the song of the little brook,
As under the willows his way he took?
Wouldn't you like to know?
Let me play awhile as I will;
By and by I must turn the mill
As farther down I go.

Daisies, hanging over my side,—
Beautiful daisies, starry eyed—
Kiss me, for I must go.
But think of me as I turn the wheel,
Grinding the corn into yellow meal,
And drifts of golden snow.

SELECTED.

A STORY OF INDIANS

A long time ago all this country was covered with forests. There were no towns nor cities. You could not have seen farmhouses here and there as you do now.

There were no fields of green grass or of yellow grain. There were no gardens anywhere. All the hills and valleys were covered with thick woods. There were trees, trees everywhere.

Indians lived all through these woods. They did not have houses as we do. They lived in tents or in huts covered with boughs or with bark.



One day ships came sailing over the ocean with many people on board. These people had come to make their homes here. They cut down trees and

made little houses of logs.

Soon they began to plow the land near their houses, and to plant corn and other things.

All this surprised the Indians very much. They wondered what the people were going to do. They watched them very closely, hiding behind rocks and trees where no one could see them.

Some of the Indians were friendly, and they wanted to help the



strangers. They thought the white men could do many very wonderful things, and they wished to learn from them. This little story will show you how much they wished to learn.

One of these new settlers, Mr. Lee, was one day working in the woods with an old Indian. He wanted to use a saw, but did not have one with him. Taking up a chip he wrote:

Dear Mary:—

Please send me a saw by Light Foot.

Then the Indian took the chip to Mrs. Lee. She read the little note and went at once for the saw. This seemed very wonderful to the poor Indian, for none of his people could read or write. No one had ever taught them. He said, "White man make chips talk."

Light Foot asked Mr. Lee to teach him this wonderful thing. How happy the poor Indian was when he could read a little and could write his name! Afterward he learned to read and to write very well.

HIAWATHA

Did you ever hear the story of Hiawatha? He was a little Indian boy who lived with his grandmother. They lived in a forest beside a large lake. It was a beautiful place.

Hiawatha and his grandmother had a wigwam covered with bark. Their beds were made of boughs of fir trees covered with deerskin.

Hiawatha loved his grandmother very much. She taught him a great many things. They used to sit beside the wigwam in the long summer evenings. They liked to listen to the whispering of the pine trees and to the lapping of the water.

They saw the great round moon rise as if it were coming up out of the water. They watched the ripples on the water, bright and shining in the moonlight. They saw the bright stars twinkling far away in the sky.

The good grandmother talked with Hiawatha

about all these wonderful things. She showed him the broad white road in the sky. Do you know what we call this broad white road? It is the Milky Way.

Hiawatha saw the little fireflies flitting here and there in the dusk of evening. He used to talk to the little insects. He used to sing this song:

“Little flitting white-fire insect,
Little dancing white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids.”

Hiawatha learned much about the birds and beasts in the forest. He loved all these wild creatures, and would never do them any harm.

When Hiawatha went into the forest, the birds would all sing and chirp to him. He liked to talk to them, and he thought he knew what they said. He knew what they meant by their cries and calls. He learned how they built their nests in summer,



HIAWATHA.

and where they went in winter. He called them Hiawatha's Chickens.

The rabbits and the squirrels used to chatter when they saw Hiawatha. He thought they were

laughing and talking to him. They knew he would never harm them. He called them Hiawatha's Brothers.

Hiawatha did not have a coat like yours. His coat was made of deerskin, painted in many bright colors. His shoes also were of deerskin, trimmed with gay, bright beads. His mittens, too, were made of deerskin. His hair was long, and he wore long eagle feathers on his head.

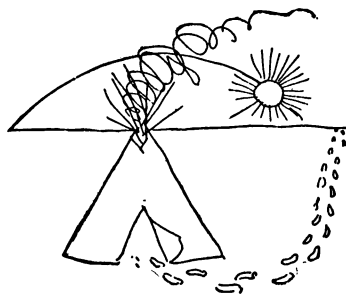
He was not dressed much like you, but he was really very much such a boy as you are. He liked to play and run races, and do all the other things which boys like. He was a good boy and he tried to learn everything he could.

When Hiawatha grew up, he was a fine young man, very brave and good. The Indians called him Strong Heart, for he was very strong and brave.

He wanted to do something to help his people. He wanted to learn how to do many useful things, so that he could teach them.

The poor Indians had no schools, no churches, no houses as we have. They had not learned to make tools of iron and steel with which to build houses. They could only hunt and fish and raise a little Indian corn. They had no books of any kind and they could not read nor write a word.

Hiawatha knew all this and he wished to help



them. At last he thought of making pictures on birch bark; each picture was to have a meaning. He told the wondering people what each picture meant.

This was one of the pictures. When he wished to invite the Indians to his wigwam, he sent to each one a picture like this. Could you tell what it meant?

You see the footprints pointing toward the wigwam. This meant that the Indians were all going to his wigwam that night. Hiawatha invited them.

There were many such signs and pictures which Hiawatha made for them.

Hiawatha did help his people very much and taught them many things. Years after this a good priest went there to teach these Indians, and Hiawatha gave him a hearty welcome.

The priest told them about God who made them and loved them. He told them of Jesus Christ who died for them and for all men. He taught them how to do a great many things and how to live good and useful lives.

He stayed with them as long as he lived and they all loved him very much. I want you to remember the name of this good priest. It was Father Marquette.

INDIAN SUMMER

“Sister Agnes, will you please tell me the meaning of Indian Summer,” asked Katie. “This morning I heard a lady say: ‘What a beautiful day! This

must be our Indian Summer.' What did she mean by Indian Summer?"

"This is what she meant, Katie," said Sister Agnes. "Just at this time in the year, very late in autumn, we have a few warm, beautiful days. The air is mild and warm. It is as warm as summer. It is called the Indian Summer because the Indians used to live here.

"There is another name for this beautiful season which I like even better than Indian Summer. In some parts of the country it is called the Summer of All Saints. You know we have just had the feast of All Saints. This mild, sunny weather comes just about the same time and so it is called the Summer of All Saints.

"The feast of good St. Martin, November eleventh, also gives a name to this delightful weather. It is called St. Martin's Summer.

"Are they not both beautiful names: St. Martin's Summer and the Summer of All Saints?"

THE WINDS



People used to say a long time ago that King Æolus was the father of all the winds. There were Northwind, Southwind, Eastwind, their sisters the breezes, and all the whirlwinds. They all lived happily together in a dark cave near the sea with King Æolus, their father.

The winds used to go away from home very often, sometimes taking a long journey. They went all over the world and saw many wonderful things. Then one and another would go back to the cave and tell King Æolus everything they had seen and heard. You may be sure these stories were very interesting.

On holidays all the children were at home together, and they did, indeed, have a gay, lively time. The whirlwinds knew how to dance strange dances. They would whirl around and around very fast. It would have made you almost dizzy to see them, but they thought it was great fun.

Northwind and Westwind would come whistling home as happy as kings, full of fun and frolic. Eastwind was not quite so noisy, and Southwind was very quiet and pleasant. His manners were always gentle.

The breezes, too, were kind and gentle, and they could sing the sweetest songs you ever heard. People always liked the breezes. They were welcome wherever they went.

The winds never had many holidays, and they are just as busy now as they ever were. They have a great deal to do in the world, and they have no time to be idle.

They have to sweep and dust the whole world,

and that is a great deal of work. People are not always tidy. Children sometimes scatter scraps of paper and peanut shells about. Their mothers and teachers ask them not to do so, but they say they forget. Do you think that is a good excuse? So you see the winds can hardly keep the world as clean and neat as it ought to be.

They have to carry off all the smoke and cinders, too, for if people could not have good air to breathe they could not live. The busy winds drive the big, black clouds along so that the rain can fall where it is needed. They help to push the great ships over the ocean. They take the fishermen far out to sea, where they can get fish for us to eat. Then they bring the fishermen home again.

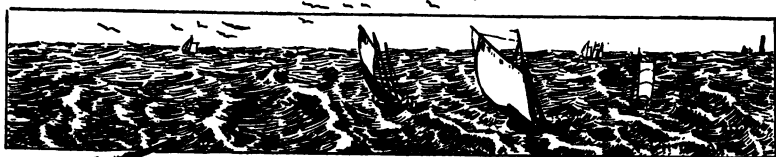
The little breezes, too, are always busy. They scatter the seeds of trees and of plants. They sprinkle the flowers and they brush the leaves off the trees in autumn. Oh, yes, they do a great many useful things.

They are very kind and pleasant, too, those dear little breezes. On hot days in summer they often bring us fresh air to breathe when we need it very much.

They like to creep in through the window of a sick room, bringing the perfume of flowers and of green fields. The little breezes are sure of a hearty welcome wherever they go.

The winds have always been a great blessing to the world. They are doing the work which God gave them to do. They all fulfill His word.

“ Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so.
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows that wind is best.”



WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you.

But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?

Neither you nor I;

But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

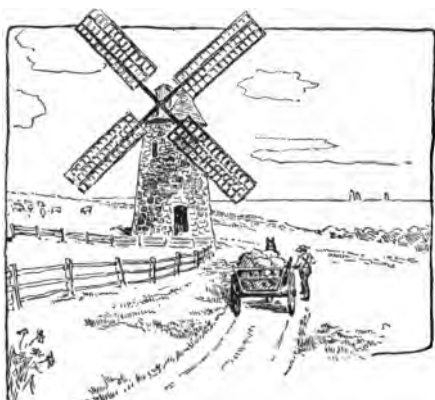
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

A DAY'S WORK FOR WESTWIND.

It was early one Monday morning in November that Westwind awoke from a quiet sleep.

"I must hasten," he said to himself, "for I have much to do to-day."

First he took a little run over the hills, which he enjoyed very much. He had a grand frolic with the trees and with the leaves.



On the top of one hill there was a big windmill. It began to turn its great wings very slowly. It seemed to stretch out its arms to meet Westwind. As he passed, the wings whirled around with joy, and soon they pumped up water enough for all the horses and the cows.

When the farmer saw the windmill going, you should have heard him laugh. "Ha-ha, ho-ho! Westwind has been here." The jolly old farmer, how he did laugh when he saw the windmill go!

By this time Westwind was over the hills far away. He came to the woods where violets and bluebells grew in the spring. He piled up a great heap of leaves over their beds to keep them warm.

"Sleep well, little flowers," he whispered. "I will come in the spring and wake you early."



Next, Westwind came to a city. "Now," he thought, "I shall have fun with the children on their way to school." And indeed they did begin to run fast when Westwind overtook them.

He lifted one little boy's hat right off his head, and ran away with it for fun. He let the boy have it, though, after running a little race.

One of the boys had a kite which Westwind caught and carried up into the blue sky almost out of sight. A woman was out in a yard hanging up clothes. How Westwind did snap and flap those clothes until they were quite dry! Oh, he is a playful fellow, jolly as he can be.

The weathervane on the top of a tall spire heard Westwind coming, and it



turned right around toward the great ocean. The wind was going to the sea, for there were many ships waiting for him. He filled their sails and away they all went bounding merrily over the waves.

Westwind saw some big black clouds up in the sky trying to hide the face of the dear old sun. Quickly he chased them all away so that the good sun could send his warm beams down to the earth.

Then Westwind went on, playing and working cheerfully all day long. He made everyone happy wherever he went.

Did you ever see the Westwind? I am sure you know him well. We are all glad whenever he comes.



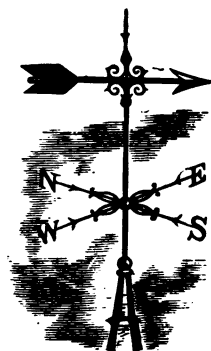
Was this a busy day for Westwind?

Tell me all he did that Monday morning.

How did he help the farmer?

What did he do for the flowers, for the ships, for the children?

THE WEATHERVANE



What is a weathervane? Have you ever seen one?

Where are weathervanes placed? What do they do?

On the top of a tall spire there was once a large brass weathervane. It was very bright and shining and the children used to look at it often.

The fishermen would look at it every morning, for they wanted to know which way the wind was blowing. If the wind blew from the west, it would be a fine day and they could go out to sea with safety. If the wind blew from the east, they thought it might rain, and they would remain at home.

At last the weathervane became very proud by having all this attention. It became foolish and willful. It said to itself, "Why should I obey the wind every time? I will do as I please."

When Westwind came up and tried to turn the weathervane to the west, it held itself very stiff and would not stir. It was going to do just as it pleased.

The fishermen saw the weathervane pointing east, and they did not dare to go out that day. They said: "This feels like a west wind, but the weathervane points east. We will stay at home and mend the nets and lines to-day."

But it did not rain; the sky was clear and blue all day. The next morning very early Eastwind hurried up. "Quick, weathervane, point east. A storm is coming."

The weathervane was contrary and willful. By this time it was pointing west and it would not change. It would not obey the wind.

So the fishermen went out in their boats. Soon the sky grew dark, and it began to rain. The wind blew hard; the big waves rolled and tumbled, and chased each other toward the shore.

The poor, tired fishermen tried to hasten home, but the wind and the waves were too strong for them. They would have been lost if a lifeboat had not come to help them. After a long time the poor fishermen gained the shore.

You see how much harm the foolish weathervane did by being willful. It was not willing to obey and so it was good for nothing.

You may be sure that another weathervane was at once put in its place, one that was willing to do its duty.

THE STORY OF ABRAHAM AND ISAAC

Abraham was a man who lived many hundred years ago. He was a very good man, and served God always. He wished to obey God in everything. When he knew God's will, he was ready to obey.

Once Abraham had a very great trial. I will tell you about it. It is a true story.

God wished to try Abraham's faith. He commanded him to give up his only son Isaac, to offer him as a sacrifice to God.

This was a great trial for Abraham, but he had faith in God. He knew that God's commands are right. God commanded him and he was ready to obey.

So he took Isaac and went away to build an altar, there to offer his only son as a sacrifice. Isaac said to his father, "My father, where is the victim for a burnt offering?"

And Abraham answered, "My son, God will provide Himself a victim for a burnt offering."

Then Abraham built an altar and laid the wood upon it, and laid Isaac his son on the altar upon the wood.

And the angel of the Lord called unto him, saying, "Abraham, Abraham," and he said, "Here I am."

And the angel said, "Lay not thine hand upon the boy. Now I know that thou fearest God."



ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.

Doré.

Then as Abraham turned, he saw a ram caught in the briars. So he took the ram and offered him as a victim, instead of his son Isaac.

God was pleased with Abraham, because he was ready to give up all for Him. He promised to bless him all the days of his life. He promised to bless his children in all the years to come.

God promised that in Abraham's children all the nations of the earth should be blest. He promised to make them in number as the stars of heaven, and as the sand by the seashore.

This was Abraham's great reward for his faith in God.

CAN YOU COUNT THE STARS?

Can you count the stars that brightly

Twinkle in the midnight sky?

Can you count the clouds so lightly

O'er the meadows floating by?

God the Lord doth mark their number,

With His eyes that never slumber ;
He hath made them, every one.

Do you know how many children
Rise each morning blithe and gay ?
Can you count the little voices
Singing sweetly day by day ?
God hears all the little voices—
In their infant songs rejoices ;
He doth love them, ev'ry one.

TRANSLATION BY DULCKEN FROM THE GERMAN.

~~~~~  
Sing ye to the Lord with praise, . . . .  
who telleth the number of the stars,  
and calleth them all by their names, . . . .  
who covereth the heaven with clouds,  
and prepareth rain for the earth.

Not a sparrow shall fall on the ground without  
your Father. Fear not. You are of more value  
than many sparrows. The very hairs of your head  
are all numbered.



### CLOUDS AND RAIN

How beautiful the clouds are! See them high in the air floating idly along. See how soft and fleecy they look, just like soft wool. Do you know what they are and where they come from?

A cloud is really mist which rises from rivers and lakes, and from the great ocean. The water in the clouds falls in drops of rain. What a blessing the rain is! All the trees and plants would wither and die without rain.

The little raindrops run off through the grass and

moss. Some of them slip at once into brooks and rivers. Others creep around through the ground until they find a spring of water.

A tiny brook flows from the spring, growing larger and larger. Then the brooks flow into lakes or rivers, and the rivers grow larger and larger. Some rivers are very large and long, and at last they find their way to the sea.

By the time the raindrops reach the ocean, they have had a long journey. Now they are at home. They will stay at home awhile, and then perhaps they will take the same trip again.



*Use these words in sentences :*

|        |       |        |
|--------|-------|--------|
| mist   | water | spring |
| clouds | rain  | brook  |
| dew    | hail  | river  |
| frost  | snow  | lake   |
|        | ocean |        |

## WATERDROPS

Some little drops of water,  
Whose home was in the sea,  
To go upon a journey  
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for a carriage,  
They drove a playful breeze,  
And over town and country  
They rode along at ease.

But oh! they were so many,  
At last the carriage broke,  
And to the ground came tumbling  
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses  
They were compelled to roam,  
Until a brooklet found them,  
And carried them all home.

*SELECTED.*



### SHIP AHOY!

Ahoy! Ahoy! You ships that sail upon the sea.  
You bring presents from the countries far away.  
Won't you bring some pretty things to me?

My doll would like a bedstead and a trunk for  
her clothes. Please bring me a tea-set from China,  
and a little box from far Japan. Come quickly  
home, you pretty ships, with all these things for me.  
O winds! blow hard and bring the ships to me.

## WHO LOVES THE TREES BEST?

Who loves the trees best?

“I,” said the Spring,  
“Their leaves so beautiful  
To them I bring.”

Who loves the trees best?

“I,” Summer said,  
“I give them blossoms,  
White, yellow, red.”

Who loves the trees best?

“I,” said the Fall,  
“I give luscious fruits,  
Bright tints to all.”

Who loves the trees best?

“I love them best,”  
Harsh winter answered,  
“I give them rest.”

*ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.*



THE WISE MEN ON THE WAY TO BETHLEHEM.

*Portals.*

### THE STORY OF THE WISE MEN

It was night, the stars were shining brightly. The night was clear and cold. All was still, no sound but the drowsy twitter of birds and the tinkling of sheep bells far away.

The little town of Bethlehem was lying quiet and asleep. It did not know that the Everlasting Light had come, that Christ was born that day.

Slowly down the street three men came riding high upon their camels. They watched the bright stars; they were talking with one another. They had come a long way across the great sandy desert, each from his own land far away.

They had seen a wonderful star which had gone before them all the way. Now they had come to adore the King who was born that day in Bethlehem.

As they rode slowly along, they were talking about this wonderful King whose name and whose glory the prophets had foretold. They looked up at the star. Lo! it was standing still in the heavens.

The camels went on until they came to the village inn. Then they kneeled down, and the men stepped out on the ground. Each one took a bag from his saddle and held it fast under his robe. Then they went to the door of the inn.

A man came out and pointed to a stable which was used for cattle and for sheep. The three men, who were great kings, entered the stable. There,



THE WORSHIP OF THE MAGI.

*Hofmann.*

in a lowly manger, they found the Holy Child with Mary His mother. Then they fell down and adored Him.

They opened their treasures and drew forth precious gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh. Each one of these gifts had a special meaning. The frankincense was offered to Jesus because He was God, the gold because He was King, and the myrrh because He was the Savior.

How happy the wise men were that they had found Him! They gave the most precious things they had to show their love and adoration. This is why we make gifts at Christmas.

Ever since that time people have brought gifts to those they love at the glad Christmas season. How pleasant it is to do something for others on the day when Christ was born! "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

## A CHRISTMAS SONG

Saw you never in the twilight,  
When the sun had left the skies,  
Up in heaven the clear stars shining,  
Through the gloom like silver eyes?  
So of old the wise men watching,  
Saw a little stranger star,  
And they knew the King was given,  
And they followed it afar.

Heard you never of the story,  
How they crossed the desert wild,  
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,  
Till they found the Holy Child?  
How they opened all their treasure,  
Kneeling to that infant King,  
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,  
Gave the myrrh in offering?



Know ye not that lowly Baby  
Was the Bright and Morning Star?  
He who came to light the Gentiles  
And the darkened isles afar?  
And we, too, may seek His cradle,  
There our hearts' best treasures bring,  
Love and faith and true devotion  
For our Savior, God and King.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

## A LITTLE GIRL'S JOURNEY

When I was a little girl I had a carriage ride with my father which I shall never forget. I should like to take you for just such a drive.

It was over the sunny slopes and through the shady woods of Ohio, my native state. I was wild with delight at the thought of going, and could hardly wait for the time to come. But at last it really did come, and the carriage stood at the door. We said good-by to Mother and to my cat Tabby, and set forth on our journey.

This was a wonderful day for me. How many things I saw, and how much we found to talk about as we drove past the golden fields and the green pastures!

At noon we stopped under a spreading tree to eat the good lunch which we found in our basket. A little brook ran along close to the road dancing and singing in the sunlight.

We watched the few fleecy clouds skimming across the blue sky. The birds were flying to the south. The woodpeckers and the squirrels were fitting up their winter homes. Tap-tap-tap went the woodpecker with his hammer, searching for insects in the bark of trees.



How fast the squirrels ran along the fence and up the tree! Father said the Indians used to call the squirrel Tail-in-air. That was a very good name, wasn't it?

We saw the little houses of caterpillars hanging on the twigs of a tree. My father told me the wonderful story of caterpillars and butterflies. You must ask your teacher to tell you about it. It is all very wonderful.

The frogs around the brook were quiet. They always have their concerts in the evening. But now and then we could hear a splash as they jumped

into the water. They would soon all go to bed for the winter.

We saw a partridge and her little ones hurrying into the bushes. We did not want to harm them, but the little partridge is very timid. "Guess why they are brown," said Father. Could you tell?

God made them brown so that they can easily hide among the brown leaves and bushes, and so be safe from harm. How many things I learned that day!

After our lunch and our rest we started again on our journey. We were going to Columbus, a city named for the good, brave man Columbus, who lived many years ago.

I learned that Columbus was the first white man who made the journey across the ocean, and found this great land of ours. The Indians lived here then. I heard the whole interesting story. Perhaps your teacher will have time to tell it to you, or you can read it for yourselves.

When we reached Columbus, we found letters at the post-office from my dear mother. There was one for each of us, and in mine there was also one from my cat Tabby. I will copy Tabby's letter for you, hoping that you will like it as I did.

#### A LETTER FROM TABBY

MY DEAR MARY :—

I was very lonely yesterday after you went away. I sat watching the carriage as long as it was in sight, and then I went out to the barn.

It was very dull. There was nothing I wanted to do because you were not there with me; but I tried to make the best of it. I stopped in the shed to drink some milk from my blue saucer.

Just then John, who isn't at all careful you know, tipped the saucer right over. I knew there was no use in crying for spilled milk, so I lapped it up as well as I could.



Soon I went back to the kitchen. Jane was going down cellar for apples, so I ran along with her. While she was filling her pan, I saw a mouse run behind the barrel. I knew it was there, but it got away under the potato bin.

I let Jane go upstairs without me, and I sat down beside the potato bin to wait. I waited a long, long time until I heard your mother calling,

"Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!" I went at once and found a good dinner ready for me. She said, "Poor Kitty, we miss little Mary, don't we?"

Your mother is always so kind to me. She is a real lady, but Jane isn't like your mother. Jane is always saying "Scat," which is really very unpleasant. She is cross sometimes and I often feel like telling her so; but I can't. Perhaps it is just as well. It wouldn't do any good. I do wish, though, I could tell you how much I love you.

I hope you will have a good time. The house is a lonesome place without you. It will seem a long time until I see you driving into the yard. You will have a thousand welcomes.

Your loving cat,

TABBY.



Write a letter to your cat telling her what to do while you are at school to-day.



## THE COUNCIL OF THE MICE

That night, when Tabby was asleep in the barn, all the mice in the cellar had a meeting. They came to make some plan of saving themselves from that dreadful cat.

It was midnight. All was dark in the cellar save one corner, where the moonlight streamed in bright and clear through a window.

The mice talked for some time, trying to form a plan for safety. One thought of one thing and another thought of another thing.

At last Young Squeaky, who had already talked a great deal, said, "I have it. We can all be safe if

you will follow my plan. First, let me say that this cat is a nuisance. We ought not to be so troubled. We must not be so troubled. Now this is my plan. We will tie a bell upon the cat's neck. In this way we shall always know where she is. We can always have time enough to get away."

"That is a very happy thought," said Young Sneaky. "One thing is sure. We must rid ourselves of the cat, and it is a very easy thing to do. I like the plan."

All the mice were much pleased. They said they could now dismiss the meeting and have some cheese to eat.

Then up rose Greylocks, an old and very wise mouse. "Before we go any further," said he, "let us settle one question. Which one is to tie this bell on the cat?"

All were silent; not a mouse spoke. No one offered to do it himself, so they dismissed the meeting.

## ROSA BONHEUR

I am sure that you all love animals, and that you are always kind to them. They are our friends and they do a great deal for us.

The sheep gives us wool to wear, the cow gives us milk to drink, and the horse works for us and carries us from place to place.

All these tame animals were once wild, and some of them were fierce. It is by kindness and care that they have become tame and useful to us.

We should always be patient with animals and should teach them kindly; then they will do their best. They will help us all they can.

Do you not like to make pictures of animals? I am sure you know how to draw. All children can draw, and they like to draw animals better than anything else.

I will tell you about a little girl who was very fond of animals. She liked to make pictures of

them. She drew funny little animals, and under each she wrote its name. "This is a lion." "This is a tiger." I suppose you do this, too. It is a very good plan.

But I haven't yet told you the little girl's name. It was Rosa, and they called her Rosalie.

Rosa's father was an artist. He painted pictures. So he used to help his little girl with her drawings. She learned very fast, and was soon able to draw very well. She wished to be an artist, and she wanted to paint pictures of animals and nothing else.

This little girl really did become a great artist, the greatest animal painter in the world. She always liked to paint sheep and oxen and dogs, and her pictures looked just like real live creatures. They say that a man once whistled to call one of the dogs, for it looked as if it really were alive.

Rosa Bonheur at one time lived on a farm studying all the animals and drawing pictures of them.



ROSA BONHEUR.

*Dubufe.*

How she liked to watch the sheep and the cows feeding in the pasture! Then she painted beautiful pictures for others to enjoy. All her paintings were prized very highly. One drawing of a cow was sold for a large sum. "Why," said the farmer, "I couldn't sell the cow herself for half so much."

That was true, and I will tell you why. There were a great many cows in the world which people could buy, but only one painter who could make such pictures.



OXEN PLOWING.

*Bonheur.*

Do you not like this picture of oxen plowing? You can almost see the real oxen at work. See how hard and patiently they are working. See how strong and willing the great creatures are. Slowly, steadily, pulling all together, they draw the heavy plow up the slope. By nightfall they will have the field all plowed. They are working for their master faithfully. I am sure he will be kind to them, and will take good care of them.

## THE DOG IN THE MANGER

The sun was just setting below the distant hills. The day's work was done. The good, faithful oxen had finished plowing the broad field. Now they could go home to the barn for food and rest. I think they had well earned a night's rest.



Just as old Bright was going into his stall, he stopped. A dog was standing there in the manger barking at the poor tired ox. He would not let him come into the stall.

The manger was full of good sweet hay for Bright. The dog did not want it himself; he could not eat hay; but he was not willing that old Bright should have it. I think that was very mean, don't you? I hope none of us will ever be like the dog in the manger.

### THE GOLDEN RULE

To do to others as I would  
That they should do to me,  
Will make me honest, kind and good,  
As children ought to be.

### THE BOYS AND THE FROGS

One Saturday afternoon some boys were at play near a pond. They had been sailing their boats on the water, and had found several other interesting things to do.

At last they began to throw stones into the water. They liked to see how far they could throw, and they liked to make a great splash.

Now, if a boy wishes to throw stones, he should be very careful to do it in the right place. He must be very careful not to do harm.

I am sorry to say that these boys were careless



and thoughtless. They saw some frogs sitting on a log across the little pond. Still, they threw the stones, and they even tried to hit these poor frogs.

At last the frogs were very much frightened. "Stop!" they cried; "do you not see that you will hurt us? It may be fun for you, but it is death to us. How would you feel if you were in our places?"

This set the boys to thinking and they threw no more stones.

---

"Put yourself in his place."



## THE THREE BEARS

Once upon a time there were three bears which lived very happily together in the forest. There were a very large fine bear, a middle-sized bear and a tiny small bear.



One morning before breakfast these three bears went out for a walk in the woods. They were hardly out of sight when a little girl, who was also

out for a walk, came up to their house. This little girl's name was Golden Hair. Thinking that no one would see her, Golden Hair looked in at the window.

She surely ought not to have done this. We ought never to do anything in secret which we should be unwilling to have known. But Golden Hair looked in; there was no one in sight; she opened the door and went into the house.

Now when the three bears went out, they had left their breakfast of porridge ready upon the table. Their three chairs stood at the table. There were a very large fine chair for the very large fine bear, a middle-sized chair for the middle-sized bear, and a tiny small chair for the tiny small bear.

Golden Hair sat down in the very large fine chair, but this was too hard for her. She sat down in the middle-sized chair, but this was too soft for her. She sat down in the tiny small chair, and this was neither too hard nor too soft, but just what she liked.

Golden Hair now tasted the porridge in the very large fine bowl, but this was too hot for her. She tasted the porridge in the middle-sized bowl, but this was too cold for her. She tasted the porridge in the tiny small bowl, and this was neither too hot nor too cold, but just what she liked, so she ate it all up.

Just as she finished eating the porridge, the chair of the tiny small bear in which she sat broke down and fell to the floor.

Golden Hair now went upstairs. There was a very large fine bed for the very large fine bear, but Golden Hair found this too hard for her. There was a middle-sized bed for the middle-sized bear, but Golden Hair found this too soft for her. There was a tiny small bed for the tiny small bear, and this was neither too hard nor too soft, but just what she liked. In a few minutes little Golden Hair fell fast asleep.

Just then the three bears came back from their pleasant walk in the forest, and entered the house.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair," cried

the very large fine bear. "Somebody has been sitting in my chair," cried the middle-sized bear. "Somebody has been sitting in my chair and has broken it all down," cried the tiny small bear.

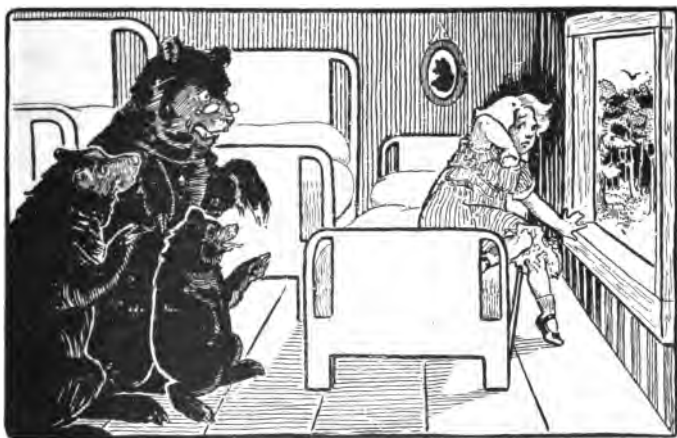


"Somebody has tasted my porridge," said the very large fine bear. "Somebody has tasted my porridge," said the middle-sized bear. "Somebody has tasted my porridge and has eaten it all up," said the tiny small bear.

The three bears now went upstairs. "Somebody has been lying in my bed," said the very large fine

bear. "Somebody has been lying in my bed," said the middle-sized bear. "Somebody is in my bed," said the tiny small bear in his tiny small, squeaky voice.

This tiny small, squeaky voice awoke little Golden Hair, who, seeing the three bears, was very much frightened. She jumped from the bed, and running to the window which was open she jumped out. The three bears went to the window and saw little Golden Hair running into the woods. You may be sure they never saw her again.



## THE STORY OF ROMULUS AND REMUS

“Oh, please, Uncle Charles, tell us a story,” said little James. “Tell us a real wonder story.”

“Let me think,” said Uncle Charles, “a wonder story? What shall it be? Should you like a story about a wolf?”

“Oh, yes, yes,” said all the children.

“There was once a wolf,” began Uncle Charles.

“Wait, please, Uncle Charles,” said James. “You must say, ‘Once upon a time.’ All stories begin that way.”

“Very well then,” said Uncle Charles. “Once upon a time there was a wolf that was very kind to two baby boys.”

“Is this a true story?” asked Kate.

“Well, you see,” replied Uncle Charles, “if it ever really did happen it was thousands of years ago. I should really not be surprised if it were not all true. Now will you have the story?”

“Oh, yes, please go on, Uncle Charles,” chirped five little voices, and Uncle Charles began.

“Long, long ago, so long that I will not ask you to remember the date, there lived a good old king. This king had two little grandsons who at the time the story begins were tiny little babies.

“There was a river which ran near the king’s palace. One day the two little children fell into the water and were nearly drowned. But at that time the river overflowed its banks. The cradle in which the babies lay was carried by the water high up on the bank. There it caught in the roots of a tree, so the babies were safe.

“While they lay there cold and wet, they were found by a wolf that was roaming through the forest.

“Now wolves are usually wild and fierce, but this one, it seems, was very kind and gentle. Taking up the poor little things very gently, she carried them to a place of safety. There she tenderly



cared for them. It is said too that a woodpecker also brought food to them.

“There was a shepherd who pastured his flocks near, and one day he found the little babies and carried them home. There they lived with the kind shepherd and his wife many years, until they grew up to be fine strong young men.

“They were always good boys, helping the shepherd all they could. They used to watch over the flocks of sheep, leading them to pasture in the morning and bringing them home to the fold at night.

“At last, when they were quite grown up, they learned that the king was their grandfather, and that they were princes.

“These young shepherd boys would now be great rulers over the people. But they never forgot the good kind shepherd and his wife, who had been like father and mother to them. They were always kind to them and took care of them in their old age.

“I think it is now time for you to learn the names of these two boys. They were Romulus and Remus.

“Romulus and Remus were very fond of their old home and they did not want to leave it. They said, ‘Let us build a city right here, on the banks of the river.’ So they began to build a beautiful city, and there it has stood ever since that time. The name of the city is Rome.”

## ST. PETER AND THE POPE

“We have a very good reason for learning and remembering all we can about Rome,” said Uncle Charles. “This city is where our Holy Father the Pope always lives. Of course, you know the name of the Pope, do you not?”

“Oh, yes,” said all the children, “it is Pope Pius X.”

“You must learn all you can about him,” said Uncle Charles, “and all that he is doing for the Church.

“The Pope takes St. Peter’s place on earth as head of the Church. St. Peter, as you know, was the first Pope. He was with our dear Lord when He was upon earth. He was His friend and follower, going with Him from place to place, and learning of Him.

“St. Peter loved our Lord with his whole heart and with his whole mind. He served Him faithfully, preaching to the people in many places, telling them that Christ had died for them.



FEED MY SHEEP.

*Raphael.*

“ At last he went to Rome that he might preach to the people in that city. St. Peter was glad to do anything, glad even to suffer, for our Lord’s sake. He was willing to die, and he did die in this very city of Rome. He was cruelly put to death for his faith in our Lord.

“ Since that time there have been many Popes, each in turn taking St. Peter’s place as head of the Church.

“You must not forget that our Holy Father Pope Pius X. loves all children. He wants them to do well and to serve God every day of their lives. He wants them to follow Christ and to learn of Him.”

### ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN

The palace where the Pope lives is called the Vatican. It is one of the most interesting of all places, full of beautiful statues and pictures. You can see a part of the palace in this picture.

As you see, the Vatican is close beside St. Peter's. This is the largest church in the world. You can easily remember that. It is built in the shape of a cross. Look at the huge dome in the center. On each side there is a smaller dome, and there are six other very small ones.

The front of St. Peter's is very grand, with many beautiful stone pillars and arched doorways. See the broad flight of steps.



ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN IN ROME.

In the center of the large square there is a very tall shaft of stone, which was brought from Egypt. This stone shaft is five or six thousand years old. It is of solid stone. There must have been very skillful workmen in those times.

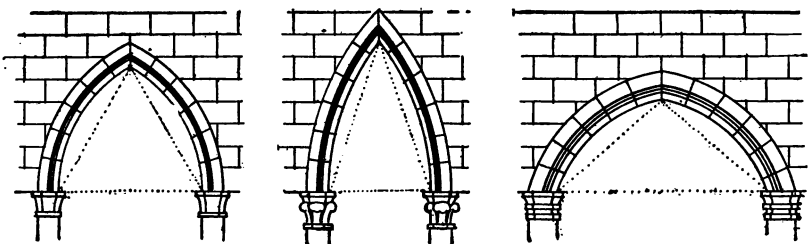
This wonderful Church of St. Peter's was built hundreds of years ago, and it will last for hundreds of years yet. The builders did their work well.

They were faithful in laying every stone, whether it would ever be seen or not. All places out of sight were fitted and finished just as well as those which people could see. Everything was done as carefully as the builders could do it.

Do you not think those builders were very noble? If you were building a house, would you not do it in that way? I would.

~~~~~

“Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen.”



Have you ever seen an arch over a door or over a window? Where have you seen it? Should you like to draw arches like these? Try.

STONE MASONRY

"We have been reading about St. Peter's Church at Rome," said our teacher, Sister Paul. "Do you not think it is wonderful that buildings so huge can be made of stone?"

"Men who know how to lay stones in building are called stone masons. Have you ever seen a stone mason at work?"

"Oh, yes," said the children. "They are building a stone house not far away. It is on Pleasant Street."

"They are building it of granite," said John Price. "Granite is the hardest stone. One of the workmen told me so. It will last for hundreds of years."

"My father is a stone mason," said little Peter Lee. "I have often watched him at work. I can tell you about stone too."

"Yes, please do, Peter," said Sister Paul. "Listen, children; Peter will tell us about building in stone."

So Peter began. "They make houses of stone,



and cellar walls and foundations of houses. Almost all houses have a foundation of stone. Stone is found in the earth. Men dig it up in huge pieces. Then it is shaped into blocks. They saw it with a saw or they cut it with a chisel. My father can do very fine work with a chisel."

"What kinds of stone do they use, Peter?"

“I can’t remember all the kinds, but I know they use granite, which is very hard and gray in color. They use sandstone also; some of it is gray and some is red. Is sandstone made of sand, Sister Paul?”

“Sandstone is found in the earth,” said Sister Paul, “but it is really tiny bits of sand pressed tightly together. What else do people use in making houses?”

“Wood and brick,” answered Mary Lee.

“Brick isn’t found in the earth like stone,” said Sister Paul, “but people make it. It is made of clay, well molded and baked in the sun, or in an oven. Look closely at the next brick house you see. See how carefully the bricks are laid side by side. You will see between them the white mortar which holds them together. In laying bricks the joints must never come together. Every bricklayer is careful about that.

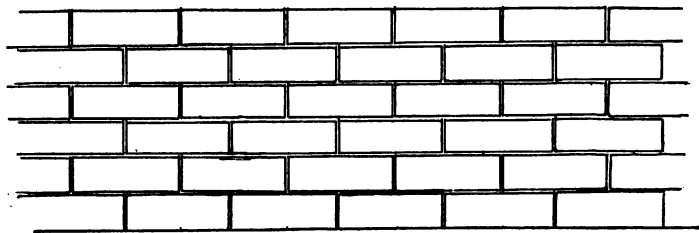
“How many wonderful things people have learned to do! Think of what the masons and bricklayers

and carpenters have done, and are doing all the time. We could not have our houses, our schools, or our churches without them. We must not forget all this, children, and we must be thankful for it."

~~~~~  
"There is nothing more noble than work."

"Nothing brings so much joy into the world as honest work."

*Draw.*



Name all the kinds of business of which you have read.

What does the farmer do? Who grinds the corn into meal and the wheat into flour? Where do we buy meal and flour?

What do we give for them? What do we make of them?

Where do we get coal, iron, gold and silver?

How do we use coal? Name something made of iron.

Name three very useful things which are made of silver.

## A WISE AND A FOOLISH MAN

The first thing to do in building a house is to make a good foundation.

There was once a man who wished to build a house, and he must first make a strong foundation. He knew where there was a rock so firm that nothing could shake it. However fierce the storms might be, however hard the winds might blow, the rock could not be moved.

So this man built his house upon that rock. He made it firm and strong. And he was a wise man, for when the storms came and the winds blew and beat upon the house, he was safe. The house was founded upon a rock and it did not fall.

Now there was another man who was not so wise. He built his house upon the sand. He knew very well that it was not safe. He knew that he ought not to trust the sinking sand, but he was careless.

When the storms came and the winds blew and beat upon the house, it could not stand. It shook and tottered and fell to the ground. It was built upon the sand.

### THE FABLE OF THE BUNDLE OF STICKS

Once there was an old man who had four sons. These sons did not always agree very well. Each one wanted his own way and would not give up to the wish of another. If they had work to do, they never could agree about it. One would want one thing and another would want another thing. This was all very foolish, was it not?

One day their father called all his sons to him. In his hand he held a great bundle of sticks, which he gave to the oldest, asking him to break it.

The son tried and tried with all his strength, but he could not break it. Each one, in turn, took the bundle and tried to break it, but in vain. Not one could do it.

Then the father untied the bundle and gave one stick to each. They could all break them easily.

“My sons,” said the father, “you see how easily a stick can be broken when it is alone. When they are united, they cannot be broken. In union there is strength.”



### AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing.  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain side,  
Let freedom ring!

My native country! thee—  
Land of the noble free—  
Thy name I love;

I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

### PALM SUNDAY

The Sunday before Easter is called Palm Sunday. The Church celebrates this as the day when our Divine Savior entered Jerusalem in triumph.

Jesus and His disciples were going to the Holy City to keep the great feast of the Passover. He told two of His disciples that in a certain village they would find an ass tied and a colt with her. These they were to loose and bring to Him, telling the owners that the Lord had need of them.

All happened as He had said. They brought the colt, and having spread their garments upon him, they placed Jesus thereon. A great number of people followed. Many spread their garments upon



*Flackhorst.*

"BLESSED IS HE THAT COMETH IN THE NAME OF THE LORD."

the ground. Others cut down branches from the trees and threw them in the way.

Then all went forward waving green palms and singing, "Hosanna to the Son of David; Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

You can see them in the picture waving palms and singing praises to God for the wonderful works which they had seen.

Do you see the little children scattering flowers? Jesus always wanted the children to come to Him. You know He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." How happy they all were to be with Him and to honor Him that day! How glad all the people were to honor the King who had come to bring salvation!

Each year we, too, honor our Divine Savior on Palm Sunday. The palms are blessed and given to us, for each one has a part in the salvation which He brought to all men.

## EASTER

Our Lord had told His disciples that He must go up to Jerusalem, and must there suffer death for the sins of the world. He was the Paschal Lamb, slain as a victim for the sins of many. The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. Christ, who had come to save the world, was cruelly crucified for our sins.

After the crucifixion, He was taken down from the cross and laid in the tomb, and a great stone was rolled to the door.

On the third day, very early in the morning, Mary Magdalen and two others, friends of Jesus, came to the tomb. And lo! the stone was rolled away, and an angel, in shining white raiment, was sitting at the door.

“Fear not you,” he said, “for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here. He is risen.”

*Thomson.*

#### THE FIRST EASTER DAWN.

Then the women went quickly to tell His disciples and Peter, that Christ had risen from the dead. At first they could not believe the wonderful tidings, but afterward they saw Him face to face. Then they knew that their Redeemer lived.

This was the first great Easter Day. All the world is full of joy and gladness on Easter morn, for Christ the Lord is risen.



HE IS RISEN.

*Plockhorst.*

## THE EASTER LILY

There is a beautiful story about the Easter lily. We shall all be glad to read it and to think of it at Easter time.

Before daybreak on that first glad Easter day a strange light shone all around. It flashed up from the east, lighting up the whole sky, and streaming upon the tomb where Jesus lay.

Then the angels came and rolled away the great stone. The door of the tomb flew back. Jesus rose and walked away with the angels into the garden.

When they had passed, a wonderful thing happened. The ground all around the tomb was covered with pure white lilies. Then the day began to dawn and the first bright Easter morning had come.

What joy and gladness it brought to the world, for Christ the Lord had risen !

This is the story of the Easter lily. Is it any wonder that we love this fair flower ? It comes to

us at Easter time; it is so pure and spotless; it gives so much pleasure to all.

You will often find the lily in beautiful pictures. Look for it in pictures of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Joseph and of many saints. It always means purity.



### THE LILY

The sweetest thing in my garden,  
On bush or vine or tree,  
Is the snow-white shining lily  
That God has sent to me.

How wise He must be to make it !  
How good to put it here,  
For me to watch and care for,  
So very sweet and dear !

There's nothing more fair and spotless  
In all the world I know ;  
It is fairer than the moonlight,  
And whiter than the snow.

I love you, beautiful lily,  
Made of the sun and dew ;  
I wish that my heart could always  
Be spotless and pure, like you.

*SELECTED.*



## THE SWAN AND THE CROW

A beautiful white swan lived by a clear blue lake. All day long he used to sail smoothly over the water, pluming his white wings in the sun or resting in the cool shade. Or he could go to his nest among the rocks and go to sleep, or could play with his brothers and sisters. The swan was very happy in his beautiful home.



But one day a sad thing happened to this young swan. He became acquainted with three black crows that used to come to the lake. They asked the swan to go away with them into the forest.

The swan's father and mother begged him not to go. They said the crows were not good companions

for him, but he was willful and would not listen. So one day he and the crows all flew off together.

Now, under a tree where they stopped, a hunter lay fast asleep. One of the saucy young crows dropped a piece of mud down upon the hunter's head. These crows had very bad manners.

The man awoke and, seeing the white swan, thought that he was the guilty one. The crows had all flown away, and like bad, saucy birds as they were, they were caw-cawing in another tree.

The swan tried to explain how it really was, but the hunter said, "No, no, my friend. If you are not a black crow, you should not be in their company."

~~~~~  
"Birds of a feather flock together."

HOW THE ROBIN GOT HIS RED BREAST

I am sure every child in this class knows a robin. Are you not always glad to see these cheerful little

birds when they come back to us in the spring? There is one now, swinging on the elm tree. See his pretty red vest. He is a gay, handsome fellow.

There is a very pretty story about the robin's red breast. Should you like to hear it?

Long ago in the far north, where it is very cold, there was only one fire. One of the hunters took care of this fire, and kept it burning day and night. He was careful to have it burn brightly all the time, for if there were no fire the people would freeze. The big white bear would then have the northland all to himself.

One time the hunter was ill and his little boy had all the work to do. Brave little fellow! He took care of his father and he kept the fire burning briskly. But after watching a long time, he grew very tired, so tired that he could not keep awake any longer. He tried and tried, but in vain. He dropped asleep in spite of himself.

Now the white bear was prowling around, coming

as near as he dared. He hoped the fire would go out. When he saw that the little boy had fallen asleep, he came nearer and nearer. Then he jumped on the fire and stamped with his wet feet until he thought it was all out. Then he ran off to his cave.

A robin flying near saw what the bear had done. He flew down and searched carefully until he found a tiny little coal. This he patiently fanned with his wings for a long time. His little breast was scorched red, but he kept fanning until there was a little blaze.

Then he flew away to every hut in the northland. Wherever he touched the ground there leaped up a tiny flame, so that soon every family had a good warm fire.

The white bear growled and growled, but he could not stop the fires. He went farther and farther back into the forests.

The dear robin's breast has been red as fire ever since. You can see it to this day.

I do not wonder that he is such a favorite, do you?



OUR LITTLE FRIENDS, THE
BIRDS

We all love the dear robin, and we love all the other birds too. We like to see their bright colors, and we like to hear their cheerful songs. God sent these singers to make the world happier and better.

How lonely it would be without them! How sadly we should miss these gay little companions. If we want them to stay, we must never harm or frighten them, but we must protect them and their nests. In early spring let us scatter crumbs and seeds for them. They are our little friends and we must be kind to them.

Did you ever think that the birds are really working for us every day? They are hunting for food, and they catch the bugs, worms, and beetles that destroy our plants and vines. They not only give us pleasure, but they are very useful to us.

All birds are hunters, for they hunt for food. They are builders too, for they build their own nests. The swallow is a little mason; he makes his nest under the eaves and plasters it with mud and straw.

Some birds make their nests in the ground; they are little miners. The woodpecker is a carpenter. His bill is as sharp as a chisel. With this sharp chisel he drills out a hole in a tree, where he can make a nice cozy nest, warm and dry.

There is a wonderful weaver high up in that elm tree. He is weaving a basket of hay and strings, which hangs swinging on the bough. He likes an elm best, for its branches are light and airy. See how gay he is in his suit of orange and black.

This is the Baltimore oriole. He was named for

Lord Baltimore, who came to this country almost three hundred years ago.

You all know the robin, and you must also know his cousin, the bluebird. They are cousins and very good friends. The bluebird is a beautiful bird. His back is as blue as the sky, and his breast is brown like the earth. He is very tame and friendly; sometimes he will come close to the house, singing his very best song. He stays with us as late as he can and he comes back early, just about Easter time. How pleasant to think that he brings to us the glad message of Easter!

A MAN AND HIS WONDERFUL GOOSE

Once there was a man, so I have heard, who had a very wonderful goose. You will say she was wonderful when I tell you that every morning she laid a golden egg. Yes, every morning there was a fine large egg of pure gold in her nest.



Now you would think that the owner of such a goose would have prized her very highly. He surely ought to have been contented with one golden egg every day, but no, he wasn't contented. He wanted to get rich faster. He would kill the goose, he thought, and so get all the eggs at once.

What a mistake that was! What a pity to kill such a goose! He found when he had killed her that she was just like any other goose. He saw his mistake too late. "Oh," he thought, "if I had only been contented with what I had!"

THE TWO BUCKETS

Do you see this picture of a well house? Down, down, many feet below is a deep well of clear cold water. There is a wooden bucket on each end of the rope.

One bucket has gone down now to get some of the good fresh water.



If you pull on the short end of the rope, that bucket will come up, up, up and the other will go down. It will be an easy pull, for the rope runs over a pulley. As you see, each bucket has its share of the ups and downs.

I once heard of two such buckets. One was very happy and cheerful, but the other would sometimes grumble and find fault.

As they met half way down the well one day, the ill-natured bucket said, "Oh dear, how much water those people do use! However full I am when I come up, I always go back empty."

But the other answered pleasantly, "Just think how much water there is in the well! However empty we are when we go down, we always come back brimfull."

THE LAME MAN AND THE BLIND MAN

A lame man was slowly, painfully walking along the road, hoping to reach a certain city by nightfall. At last he grew so tired that he could walk no farther, and sat down to rest.

As he sat there he saw a man groping his way toward him. He came slowly along, frequently tripping over a stone, or striking against something, for he was blind. When this blind man came up, the lame man asked him to sit down and rest.



“I was going to the city,” said the blind man, “but I fear that I cannot find my way.”

“And I too was going to the city,” said the lame man, “but I fear I cannot walk so far.”

“How glad I am to meet you!” said the blind man. “I will gladly carry you to the city if you will guide my steps. Pray lend me the use of your eyes, and I will lend you the use of my feet.”

“Agreed,” answered the lame man. So in this way they started joyfully for the city, glad that they had each found so good a friend.

The Two Great Precepts
of Charity.

Thou shalt love the Lord
thy God with thy whole heart
and with thy whole soul
and with thy whole mind
and with thy whole strength.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor
as thyself.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Did you ever hear of the good St. Francis of Assisi? All little children should know of the great good which he did in the world. He gave up his riches and his pleasures that he might go and preach to the people, telling them of Christ their Lord and Master. Many were led by him to believe in Jesus Christ and to serve God with their whole hearts.

St. Francis loved all things which God had made. He used to talk to the little birds, calling them his sisters, and he even preached to them at one time. He told them how thankful they ought to be for their freedom, and for the sweet fresh air in which to fly. He said they ought to praise God always for food and raiment and for all their blessings.

It is said that the birds stopped singing to listen to him, and when he had finished, broke forth into



glorious song. Does it not seem as if they understood and were always praising God for His goodness? St. Francis was always very kind to all creatures.

They seemed to know that he was their friend, and they would always do as he wished. Even the wolves would cease their ravages at his bidding. He provided food for the bees and for the birds in the cold winter, saying that they should have a joyous Christmas.

It was St. Francis who first made a Crib of Bethlehem on the feast of Christmas. In this way he helped many to remember that Christ came to earth as a little child for our salvation.

In the convent which St. Francis founded, his disciples first ordered the Angelus bell to be rung at close of day. They wished to recall the greeting of the angel Gabriel to the Blessed Virgin, "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee."

From that day to this the sweet bells of the Angelus have pealed forth at the sunset hour. There is no land where those bells are not heard, no country where devout people hearing them do not pause to repeat the angel's greeting.

We have great reason for being grateful to good St. Francis. He was very poor and humble, but now all the world delights to do him honor.

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“Hail, Mary,” lo, it rings  
Through ages on;  
“Hail, Mary,” it shall sound  
Till time is done.

*ADELAIDE PROCTOR.*

At morn—at noon, at twilight dim,  
Maria! Thou hast heard my hymn!  
In joy and woe—in good and ill,  
Mother of God, be with me still!

*EDGAR ALLAN POE.*





THE ANGELUS.

*Millet.*

Do you know the name of this picture?

Tell me all you can about it.

What time of the day is it?

Why are the man and the woman pausing in their work?

Do you think they hear the church bell ringing?

How do they know that it is the Angelus bell?

*Constable.***THE RAINBOW.**

## THE RAINBOW

Boats sail on the rivers,  
And ships sail on the seas;  
But clouds that sail across the sky  
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,  
As pretty as you please;  
But the bow that bridges heaven,  
And overtops the trees,  
And builds a road from earth to sky,  
Is prettier far than these.

*CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.*

## THE WONDERFUL WORLD

“Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,  
With the wonderful water round you curled,  
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—  
World, you are beautifully drest.

“The wonderful air is over me,  
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,  
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,  
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

“You, friendly Earth! how far do you go  
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that  
    flow,  
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,  
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

“Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,  
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;  
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,  
A whisper within me seemed to say,

“You are more than the Earth, though you are  
    such a dot:  
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!”

*From "Lilliput Lyrics," by permission.*

*WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.*

## THE STORY OF JOSEPH

We have a good story to read this morning. It is about a boy named Joseph, who lived long ago.

This boy had eleven brothers who all lived at home with their father. They were shepherds and lived in tents, which they would often move from place to place, seeking green pastures for their flocks.

At one time all the older boys had been gone from home many days. Their father was anxious about them, so he sent Joseph to see if they were all well. Joseph was a good boy, always ready to obey without question or delay. It was a hard task for the little boy, but he went at once.

Now these ten brothers were very unkind to Joseph. They were jealous because their father loved him so much. How mean and wicked it was to be jealous of their own brother!

You will see how one sin always leads to another, for when the brothers saw Joseph they began to



JOSEPH SOLD TO THE MERCHANTS.

*Raphael.*

plan some harm to him. They seized him and beat him very cruelly, tearing off the bright coat of many colors which their father had given him.

At last they sold him to some merchants who were going to Egypt. Then they told their father, when they went home, that Joseph had been killed.

How the poor father grieved for his lost son, thinking that he was dead!

So Joseph went down into Egypt and was sold as a slave. He was a good boy, always trying to do the best he could, and God was with him and blessed him.

Joseph became a servant of the king, and he was so good and faithful that at last he was made a great ruler. The king gave him great honor and riches, and trusted him more than anyone in the kingdom.

Now at this time there was a famine in the whole land. In the place where Joseph's father lived the famine was very great and the people had no food.

Then the brothers all went to Egypt to buy corn for themselves and their cattle. Joseph knew them at once, but they did not know him. He sold them all the corn they could carry and he gave them back their money. Then he told them that he was Joseph their brother.

When the brothers went home, they took rich

gifts for their father. They told him that Joseph was yet alive and had sent for him. When the old father heard that, he cried for joy. How happy he was to go down to Egypt to see his son!

All the brothers and their children were going, too, they said. Joseph had sent for the whole family. There he made a good home for them all, where they could pasture their flocks and herds and could live happily together.

Joseph returned good for evil. It was a great and noble thing to do. Surely the brothers were now very sorry for the wrong which they had done. Joseph was always kind to them and he took good care of his father as long as he lived.

### ALI AND FATIMA

Should you like to know about Ali and his little sister Fatima? They are little children who live in Egypt, the country where Joseph went so long ago.

First I will tell you how Ali looks. He wears a

pretty red cap, with a tassel. He has loose white trousers, a loose white shirt, tied around the waist with a red scarf, and red slippers. Ali does not eat with a knife and fork, but with his fingers. What would your mother say to that?

Ali goes to school every day. There are only boys in his school and they sit on the floor in a circle. There are no desks nor tables. Each boy has a tablet of wood upon which the teacher writes. Then the boys read all together in a very loud voice. I shouldn't think they could study much in such a place, should you?

Little Fatima does not go to school. There are very few schools for girls in Egypt, but she is learning to sew and to cook.

Fatima wears a veil around her head. She wears a necklace and earrings, and her loose blue dress is trimmed with beads. Her finger nails and the palms of her hands are stained red. She has dark hair and soft dark eyes. She is a dear little girl.



Fatima is a little guide to the travelers who come to Egypt. Many people go there to see the pyramids and the temples which are now in ruins.

Sometimes the travelers ride on donkeys. These

donkeys are so small that the feet of the people riding them drag on the ground. A boy runs behind carrying his red slippers in his hand. He shouts to his donkey to go faster. He screams to people in the street to get out of the way. He says, "Take care of your legs, O men, O women," and on they go to see the wonderful sights of Egypt.

Ali and Fatima live with their father and mother in a little house made of mud as hard as brick. There are no chairs, no tables, no beds. They all sleep on the floor. Hens and chickens walk in and out as they please, and on the roof there are a great many doves.

It does not often rain in Egypt; the sun shines all day long. There is one river, the long beautiful Nile. Along the banks the reeds and the rushes grow thick, and the little boys often cut them to make whistles. The reeds are hollow and so they make very fine whistles. Perhaps we shall all go there sometime.

## ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL



All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,—  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,—  
He made their glowing colors,  
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The morning and the sunset,  
That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,—  
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God Almighty,  
That hath made all things well.

*CECIL F. ALEXANDER.*

### CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS

In the country where Jesus lived there were small churches in the villages, but a very large temple in the city of Jerusalem. The people used to go up to the temple once a year to worship there, to thank the Father for His care, and to praise God.

Each year the Child Jesus saw Mary, His blessed mother, and St. Joseph start, with all the neighbors, for the city far away. Each year He longed to go with them. "Not yet," they would say. When He was six, seven, eight years old they answered, "Not yet." When He was nine, "Wait a little while;" when He was ten, "Not yet;" eleven, "One year more;"

twelve, now He could go. Go to the great city and to the wonderful temple at Jerusalem! The tent, the mules and the camels were ready, and the journey began.

All day they rode over the hills and through the valleys, bright with spring flowers, pitching their tents at night. Once they stopped by a well of water near the very place where Joseph went to see his brothers, so many years before.

At last they came in sight of the walls and the towers of Jerusalem. How glad they were to see the temple! How the gilded roof and the marble pillars flashed in the setting sun!

The next morning Jesus went with Mary and Joseph up to the temple, through the gates and up the white steps into the court. I am sure He thought and said to Himself, "This is no other but the house of God, and the gate of Heaven." Then they all knelt to worship God and to thank and praise Him for His goodness.

Several days they stayed in the city and every day they went to the temple. The last day Jesus went alone. He thought about His Father, about the church, and about His Father's love for it. He thought, "This is my Father's house." How Jesus loved the Church! He could hear the great teachers talking. He could go near and listen.

They were probably talking about the Messiah, the promised King, who was coming to redeem the world. They were perhaps telling what Moses and David had written of Him. Perhaps they were reading what the prophets had foretold. His name should be called Wonderful, Counselor, God the Mighty, the Father of the World to come, the Prince of Peace.

All these great teachers knew that Christ would come to redeem the world. Now He had come and they did not know Him. They did not know that this Child listening to them and asking them questions was indeed the promised Messiah.



CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

*Hofmann.*

But when Jesus spoke, all were astonished at His wisdom and His answers. Such wisdom and knowledge had never been seen before. No wonder that these great teachers and all who heard Him were astonished.

While Jesus was in the temple, Mary and Joseph had started home, and had gone a long way before

they missed Him. Then they went back and at last they found Him in the temple.

A wonderful light shone on His face and His eyes were bright with joy. When His mother asked Him why He had not gone with them, He said He must be doing the work which His Father had given Him to do.

His parents wished Him to return with them and He quickly obeyed them. With wonderful submission He was subject to them.

As our Lord was humble and obedient, even so He would have us be. Let us try to imitate His divine example.

**“Honor thy father and thy mother.”**

## PHONETIC WORDS IN THE SECOND BOOK

NOTE. This list includes for the most part only those words which involve new phonograms. Teachers should continue drill on all phonograms of the First Book also, applying them constantly to words in which they occur.

Phonograms: *th, th, oi, oy, ġ, ȁ, ô, ȁ, less, ä, à, ȳ, u, ew, ò.* Though, voice, dēaf, studġ, naughtġ, thoughġ, walk, past, gather, honēġ, careless, idlē, lessōn, food, foolish, frēt, merrġ, bladē, nothing.

Phonograms: *n, gl, gr, a, e, i, o, u, obscure vowels, ġ, j, ȳ, u, ful, àir, âr, êar, êir.* Hungry, alas, imāgē, mouth, rēal, grēdġ, lārgē, push, gēntly, branch.

Phonograms: *ār, ēr, ēar, ĩr, ōr, ūr, z, ic, x, ex, ex, ure.* Hurt, wood, useful, ēnjoy, hair, wool, together, seorn, intrudē, brood, stir, cruel, Ālice, hung, cheerful, noise, among, Ōfferō, carrġ, giant, across, lantern, bank, blew, servē, stood, bear, glow, eontēt, native, bower, although, health, strength, grateful, moist, firm, remember, nonē, thick, soil, wash, shears, seamper, pasture, dāisēs, cool, flēcē, cloth, loom,

weave, guess, thread, harm, search, center, tingle,  
 wasp, hurry, tear, parlor, suppose, creature, market,  
 money, fifteen, suit, wear, fair, lark, purple,  
 clothes, talk, flew, almost, strange, surprise, basket,  
 threw, cover, shoot, grand, fast, trouble, dew, worm,  
 stalk, thresh, straw, journey, awhile, farther, starry,  
 valley, bark, foot, taught, wigwam, fir, twinkle, dusk,  
 insect, candle, chirp, shoe, broad, eagle, tool, birch,  
 because, Martin, eleventh, weather, Aeolus, breeze,  
 whirl, interest, holiday, dizzy, whistle, frolic, noise,  
 excuse, ought, cinder, breathe, sprinkle, perfume,  
 neither, hang, hasten, stretch, jolly, caught, brass,  
 dare, contrary, change, gain, duty, hundred, trial, true,  
 command, offer, sacrifice, altar, victim, briar, instead,  
 promise, reward, mark, hath, blithe, infant, rejoice,  
 prepare, sparrow, value, wither, agree, carriage,  
 compel, ahoy, present, bedstead, trunk, China, Japan,  
 harsh, drowsy, tinkle, camel, desert, village, eattle,  
 treasure, incense, receive, drew, forth, since, twilight,  
 gloom, afar, mountain, fragrant, Gentile, twig, eater-  
 pillar, concert, partridge, bush, easily, start, perhaps,  
 office, saver, kitchen, cellar, barrel, stair, thousand,  
 dreadful, nusance, dismiss, further, silent, animal.

fjērcē, tīger, ārtist, ōxen, stēādily, prīze, distant,  
 māster, hōnest, several, thrōw, sīze, brēakfast, sēc̄rēt,  
 pōrridge, Rōmūlus, Rēm̄us, wolf, Chārlēs, sōn, pālāce,  
 bānk, ūsūal, grōwn, princē, āgē, Vātīean, hūgē, frōnt,  
 mārblē, pillār, ārch, shāft, Ēḡypt, sōlid, bōth, Pāyl,  
 grānitē, chīsel, grāy, mōrtār, joint, movē, shoōk,  
 libertȳ, Pīlgrīm, frēdōm, rāpture, thrill, pāl̄m,  
 cēlēbrātē, discīplē, certāin, āss, loōsē, gārmēnt, hōnor,  
 Pāsehal, crūcifȳ, tōm̄b, thīrd, rāimēnt, belīevē,  
 Rēdēmer, dāwn, pūrītȳ, saūcȳ, ḡwiltȳ, explāin,  
 cōmpānȳ, frēezē, brisk, seōrch, blāzē, toūch, growl,  
 prōtēct, dēstroy, plāster, eōzȳ, ōrīolē, mēs̄sagē,  
 gōōsē, būckēt, pullēȳ, shārē, grūmblē, faūlt, ēmptȳ,  
 grōpē, agrēē, glōrīōus, rāvagē, cōnvēnt, Angēlus,  
 greēt, Gābrīēl, paūse, hūmblē, hȳm̄n, tās̄k, jēālōus,  
 sē/zē, mērchant, sērvant, kingdōm, fāmīnē, fāmīlȳ,  
 Ālī, Fātīma, trōus̄ers, seārf, fōrk, cīrcle, tāblēt,  
 trāvel, ruīn, dōnkēȳ, roōf, eūrl, gīld, Mēs̄s̄ias, Mōs̄ēs,  
 wīsdōm, āstōnish, knōwledgē, pārent, sūbjēt,  
 ōbēdiēt, exāmplē.







